

# The Character of Sultan GALGA, the present Cham of Tartary.

*Drawn by a Walachian, who had been his Favourite for several Years.*

**S**ultan GALGA, the Cham now reigning, is of the lower Size of Men, about fifty or sixty Years old, but of such confirm'd Health, that he hath scarce ever been known to be sick; which, as the Physicians pretend, is to be imputed to the Inactivity of the Mind, as much as to the Strength of his natural Constitution. Some say he hath been handsome, and that he still preserves, what they call, A good Look. The Truth is, the Lines of his Face are not disagreeable; neither is there any Thing monstrous in his Person: But so little was he formed by Nature for a Throne, that he seems conscious of it himself, and never makes a worse Figure than when he appears with the Ensigns of Royalty; at which Seasons, he is observ'd to have that Sort of uneasy awkward Look, that a Man hath, when he is ashamed of something about him, and afraid the Company should discover it.

In his Diet he is temperate; not sumptuous in his Cloths: Uses little Exercise: Is regular in his Hours; and may, properly enough, be stiled a sober Man.

Sincere he is undoubtedly; for as he cannot penetrate into the thinnest Artifices of others, so he is incapable of contriving how to disguise himself.

It is not very clear, whether he hath personal Courage. Upon the most remarkable Occasion he ever had of shewing it; his Troops, and he with them, fled scandalously in the Beginning of a Battle, almost before they were attack'd; and thereby brought on a fatal Defeat of the Tartarian Army, with which his Troops were then united: (For at that Time he was but Zeco of a small Province, vastly remote from Tartary.) Hence it is a Question, whether his People bore him along with them in their flight; or, whether their Principal first set the Example?

As for Religion, it sits very easy upon him: He is equally unaffected with all Sects; equally indifferent to All, except One, and that is the Religion predominant in Tartary, which he hates; not upon the Account of the Religion itself, for he knows nothing of it; but because he hath given those of that Profession, Reason to abhor him.

His best Friends will not allow him to have Generosity. A certain Air of Thrift runs in all his Actions, and hath done so, during his Life. When he was young, and had but a slender Allowance from his Father, a tributary Prince of a small Dominion, he yet sav'd out of that Little, which was scarce Pocket-money for a private Gentleman. When he came to the Possession of his Father's Estate, the Revenue whereof was but a poor

Substance for any Thing, called a Prince, he hoarded up a Sum, incredible for one of his income and in that Country. Now that Fortune, in one of her Jestis, hath thrown him into a mighty Empire, the Wealth of which he hath at command, he hath the very same narrow Ideas he had formerly: Seldom makes Presents: Or when he is oblig'd to it by Precedents of former Chams, as at the Birth of the Nobility, or the like; he will save one half of what was customary to be given on such Occasions. At one of these he hath been known to present Ten Pieces, when a Subject at the same Time gave Twenty. However, as Frugality in private Life is commendable, it is confessed, that Capacity excepted, his Chammish Majesty wants nothing to have qualified him for a thriving Tradesman.

His Genius is extremely low: Incapable of being improv'd from his own Observation, or by the Instruction of others: It is very difficult to make any Impression upon him: Those Impressions that are made already, it is impossible to remove: And perhaps the Obstinacy, whereof he is so universally accused, ariseth from this, as much as from his Pride; because his Notions being once taken, his Mind cannot extend it self, so as to Reason, whether they are right or wrong: His understanding is a Peice of brown Paper; with Difficulty you scratch something upon it; the Character is not fair or distinct; and the Whole is unpleasant: He is a Stranger even to the common Elements of Knowledge and Literature: Nothing can be more Ignorant. Since his Accession to the Throne, he was complimented in a flattering Poem with the Name of *Cesar*, upon which, he ask'd what *Cesar* signify'd? they told him, *Cesar* was once Emperor of the World: 'I suppose' then (he replied) *Cesar* was a *Tartarian*, and sat on the Throne of my Ancestors.' At another Time, when the Discourse turned upon a Battle, which had made a great Noise in the World, and upon which the Success of the late War, wherein he himself was a Party, depended in a great measure, he ask'd when that Battle was fought, for he had never heard of it before? In the Management of State-Affairs he is a perfect Cypber. All his political Reasonings amount to two Monosyllables, *HOW!* to express his dislike; *WELL*, his approbation: And accordingly he is served by his Ministers, who seldom consult him in any thing. They only tell him this or that is necessary to be done. They once depriv'd a *Bojar* (with whom he had an old Friendship) of an Employment, and when a Lady who espoused the *Bojar's* Interest, told the Cham of it, he said, He

was sure she was misinformed; but meeting her soon after, he said, 'Oh Madam, you were in the right; it is the *Bojar*—that is turned out.'

He is remarkably silent, which made him formerly pass upon some shallow Observers, for a wise Man; but now that he hath appeared in a great Scene of Action, it is found, that his Silence proceeds either from Moroseness, Discontent, or downright want of Ideas, to furnish him with Matter for Conversation. He hath been three whole Years without speaking to his Wife, and nine Years without any Discourse with his only Son; and yet they lived in the same House, and were every day in Company with him. And to show how little variety of Thought he hath, it is computed that for these twenty Years last past he hath told the same Story at least twice a day: The Story related to a Lady's mistaking one Word for another, in a Language she was not used too, which gave him occasion to break a smutty Jest upon it; and this he repeats regularly every Dinner and Supper, as the finest Repartee he ever made in his Life.

In other People, Pride very often stands in the place of Vertue, so as to produce the same Effect, but in him Pride never rises to a generous Flame. It is not Ambition, it is not Vanity or Haughtiness, but a compound of all in a littleness of Spirit: It is fullen, and inactive, and terminates on mean Objects. It is like \* *Memsg* that intoxicates as much as Wine, but never inspires with Wit or noble Sentiments. People tell him he is the greatest and wisest Man in the World: He acquiesceth in the Dream, that he is so.

In his Diversions he is mean; sordid in his Pleasures; would seem to be fond of them without a taste above what is observed in the most unrefined of the ordinary People. He will go to the † *Pampalunkins*, not to hear Wit, or please himself with the Humour of the different Characters, but only to gaze at the variety of Colours, as Children are amused with that sort of Tulip, call'd a Fool's-Coat: He himself hath no share in the Entertainment: It doth not raise his Spirits: He walks about or stands still with great Serenity; and altho' the idlest Person in the Company, he doth not seem to have any thing to do.

Tho' he has been often mentioned for Intrigues, he never had an Amour: He desires to go to Bed to a Woman as \*\*\*\*\* and not with more Delicacy. If he gives any Preference to one Woman before another, she that hath most Flesh and Fat, is his Choice. His present Sultana-Concubine is of so vast a Bulk, that were she not the Fattest, she would yet be the largest Woman in *Tartary*.

For his Children, he is so far from having any Affection, that they are the Objects of his implacable Hatred: The only Care he ever seem'd to take of them was, to keep them in as gross Ignorance as himself. The Heir to his Crown he detains in a distant barbarous Country, that he may be unacquainted with

either the Language, Customs, Laws, or Character of the People he is one Day to govern.

But the distinguishing Part of *GALGA*'s Character, is, his cruel Disposition, which is his only Passion; the only active Quality his Mind seems capable of: In all other Particulars, where his Passions might be concerned, he is a Kind of natural Stoick, little moved with Grief or Joy, Love or Hatred: But in Cases where he can glut his Revenge, he is another Creature: Vigorous, forward, animated: He then seems not only to be alive, but to have a Soul; a Soul that can be raised with Wishes: And this Part of his Character shew'd it self early, when he was but a Child; for Then the Parrots or singing Birds that came in his Way, had as little Mercy from him, as humane Creatures find Now. I cannot positively say, he was immediately engag'd in above one or two Assassinations.

It is said, That when, through the Necessity of his Affairs, and some strong Reasons of State, he was once compell'd to pardon some of his Enemies, and when he was to Sign the Pardon, he cry'd out, 'What would I give, that I could not write!'

At publick Trials, where Delinquents are to be condemn'd, he carries a perspective Glass, to see how the Muscles of the Face are affected in those who are to die.

At Plays and Opera's he never seem to enter into the Diversion, but where there are Executions on the Stage, or else when he hears the Noise of the Chains of Prisoners, or sees the Representation of a Prison: and then his Countenance clears up, and Pleasure shines in his Eyes. There is not any Thing that creates his Wonder so much, as how it is possible to forgive; and even where he has no Knowledge of the Person to die, Concern one way or other, yet it gives him sensible Satisfaction to hear that People are to be executed. And, which is natural, his two Favourites, an arch Boy of fifteen, and his chief Ministers, have gained his good Opinion by the same Artifice, chiefly by being early in their Intelligence of the Persons hang'd, shot, or whip'd to Death. He hath banish'd many Thousands, sent whole Provinces begging; and never spared, where it was allowed him to strike: Yet he talks every Day very gravely of his great Clemency and Lenity; and which is yet more, really believes he says true.

But the Notions he hath of himself, are perhaps his only Notions that are not vulgar; for at present the most bitter Curse of the angry Woman in *Tartary*, against those with whom they are offended, is, 'May God's Curse and *Galgas* Mercy light upon you.'

Yet with all this, *GALGA* is the most Beautiful, Brave, Personable, Generous, Wise, Affable, Good-natur'd, Polite, Gallant, Pious, Merciful Prince, that ever reigned in *Tartary*.

\* A heavy intoxicating Liquor, used by the Porters of *Tartary*  
† A kind of Melancholy, derived from the exotic Scrubland